

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE OLD HACKNEY COACH.

GEORGE BURLEY;

HIS HISTORY, EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.—"WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?" A CONSULTATION WHICH LEADS TO NOTHING.

"AND NOW, Hurly, my boy, we must talk a little about what is going to be done with you."

"Yes, grandfather; I am quite ready."

"You will have to work, you know—to work at something or other," said dear old Anthony Bix as he brushed away the refuse dust of a mighty pinch of Prince's

Mixture, which had besprinkled his closely-pleated shirt-frill.

We were in my grandfather's office; and it was on the second morning after my return to London, the first day having been considered sacred to mutual rejoicings at our reunion, and to an extraordinarily extravagant dinner prepared by Betsy Miller, to which my venerable relative had added a glass or two of really rare and excellent wine.

"I expect I shall have to work, grandfather," said I, replying to his assertion; "and the thought of it does not afflict me very much."

"No, no; why should it? No reason at all; no reason at all. We all come into the world to work, you know. I have had to work pretty hard in my time, and do now—yes, and I am none the worse for it, Hurly."

My poor dear grandfather! He really believed what he said when he said that he worked hard; but there were those who would have envied him his leisurely, gentlemanly occupation. It is curious enough, however, I have rarely met with a person who has anything to do who does not flatter himself, and try to persuade others, that he works hard. More curious still, perhaps, it is the man who has nothing to do who, after all that is said, has the hardest time of all.

"And what would you like to work at, Hurly?" asked my grandfather, continuing the conversation.

I had not thought much about this, and I said so. Perhaps my grandfather had, and would give me his advice.

The old gentleman took another pinch of snuff. Having accomplished this, with a subsequent brushing of his shirt-frill, as before, "We had better consult Betsy Miller and Mr. Filby," he said.

I had expected this. Betsy Miller and Mr. Filby were my grandfather's privy counsellors and ministers of state, as I very well knew; and nothing of importance, apart from my grandfather's particular agency duties for Mr. Falconer, was transacted without their advice. And I may add that many a monarch has had worse advisers than they were, in their degree.

"Mr. Filby will be here presently, Hurly," continued my grandfather: "I sent a note to him yesterday. We will wait till he arrives."

I had not long to wait. There soon came a ring at the door, and directly afterwards my old acquaintance Mr. Filby, law-stationer, of Fetter Lane, was introduced by Mrs. Miller.

"Don't go away, Betsy: we shall want you," said my grandfather as he extended his hand to the visitor. "Come in and sit down."

She came in and sat down. Mr. Filby also sat down; so did my grandfather. I was already seated; and it so happened that they formed a semicircle in front of me, Betsy in the middle.

"I sent you word that I wanted your advice, Mr. Filby," said my kind old relative—"about this poor boy, Hurly."

"What has he been doing, Anthony?" asked the law-stationer, grimly.

"Growing up to man's estate pretty nearly, while we have been trundling down-hill, my friend," replied Anthony Bix.

"Umph! is that all?" demanded the other; and he seemed rather disappointed, as I then thought, that I had not been guilty of some grand misdemeanour. He had a low opinion of boys in general—an opinion which had not been softened down by advancing age.

Betsy Miller turned round and eyed the law-stationer keenly. "And what would you have had of Hurly?" she demanded. "He has a right to be growing up, hasn't he, Mr. Filby?"

"No doubt of it, Mrs. Miller," said the cynic; "but I don't think my friend Anthony fetched me all the way from Fleet Street to tell me that the boy is grown. If I were his tailor, it might be interesting to me to know it; but I aren't, you see."

"Pho, pho!" said my grandfather. "Didn't I say I wanted your advice, Filby? And I want yours too, Betsy. It is my misfortune, perhaps, that I haven't many friends, and I must make the best of those I have. The question is, what's to be done with the boy?"

"Just so," rejoined the law-stationer, stroking his chin, and looking severely at me.

Betsy held her peace.

"Hurly is come to an age, you see," continued my grandfather, "when he must be looking out to be making a man of himself. He has had a good education. He isn't altogether without expectations; but that's neither here nor there, and has nothing to do with the present time."

"How old is he?" demanded Mr. Filby.

"Sixteen, my friend; and a month or two over."

The law-stationer gave a dissatisfied grunt. "Ought to have been apprenticed two years ago or more. I was—had to put on apron and sleeves, and sleep under a counter, when I was just turned thirteen. He is too old to be good for anything now."

"Don't mind my old friend, Hurly," said my grandfather, smiling and reaching forward to pat me on the knee: "he doesn't mean it."

"Doesn't he? He does, though."

"No, no, you don't. Your bark is worse than your bite, Filby."

"Very well; have your own way, then," retorted the growler. "But you can't deny that two good years have been thrown away."

"Not thrown away, Filby; no, no," said my grandfather, mildly. "Hurly has been laying in a good stock of knowledge, and you know that that's a useful thing."

"Better than house or land," chimed in Betsy Miller; "for when land and money are all spent, then learning is most excellent." There, then, Mr. Filby.

"That depends on other things, Mrs. Miller," said the stationer, who seemed determined not to be beaten. "I think you and I have known cases to the contrary, Anthony."

My grandfather heaved a heavy sigh.

"Well, I confess I was a jackass, to be saying that, now!" said the penitent. "I deserve to be kicked, that's what I deserve, for touching that old sore. There, never mind, old friend. And don't you mind me either, Hurly. I was only joking, you know; and I dare say we shall make something of you after all, though you are sixteen, eh? Come now, let us look at your writing—that's the main thing, or one of them. You know the three R's, don't you—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic, as somebody says? Ha, ha! Get through them with credit, and you'll get through the world. As to your Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, and mathematics, they'll do you no good, if you have got 'em. So, now, let us see after your R's."

With no very good grace I rose from my seat, and proceeded in quest of my latest copy-book, which, by the way, my grandfather had not yet seen.

The effect it produced was very extraordinary, and, to me, very unaccountable, till I remembered who my writing-master had been, and that I, by copying his hand, had insensibly acquired a close resemblance to it. My poor grandfather turned pale, and his hand trembled so that he could scarcely hold the book; and when he silently handed it to Mr. Filby, that gentleman uttered a hasty exclamation. I did not know then, as I knew afterwards, how many expensive specimens of a similar penmanship had passed through his hand.

"It runs in the family," said he, in a low tone; "that's plain enough—hope other things don't run along with it." But, in spite of this expression of hope, I could see that his distrust was awakened. He tried to keep it down, however; but I believe it influenced his subsequent advice.

My grandfather was the first to recover his equanimity.

"A curious similarity," I heard him whisper to Mr. Filby; "but you see Hurly writes a good hand," he said aloud. "And we will take for granted that he knows how to cast up a column of figures as well. So, now, the question is, what shall we do with him?"

It seemed at that time rather singular that, considering the interest Mr. Falconer had taken in my education, he had not settled this question also out of hand. Instead of having done this, he had not only discharged my last half-year's account with Mr. Thompson without any intimation of any further interest in my future prospects, but had also discontinued my quarterly allowance of pocket-money. Of course I had nothing to complain of in this reticence, especially as I knew that it had also been exercised with regard to my fellow-protégé, Marmaduke Tozer. Still it was rather unaccountable. I did not know till some time afterwards that this silence was the result of a long and severe illness, which not only prostrated his body to a condition of infantine weakness, but enfeebled his mind and memory. From the effects of this illness he never entirely recovered, though he lingered on in a state of painful debility. But let me do my kind patron the justice to say that one of the first deeds of his partial convalescence was to transmit to my grandfather an order for five hundred pounds, to be laid out on my business training as might be seen desirable; but this was after my course had been chalked out for me. The same benevolence was at the same time, through another channel, extended to Marmaduke, as I afterwards learned.

From this digression I return to the consultation, which was doomed, however, to a speedy interruption as far as I was concerned in it.

"What shall we do with him?" The words were scarcely out of my grandfather's mouth when a hearty ring at the house-bell caused Betsy Miller to start from her seat, and to rush from the office to the front door, leaving the door of the office so much ajar as to give me, from the position in which I was placed, a perspective view not only of the hall, but into Silver Square when the hall door was opened.

The hall door was opened, and—joy of joys!—I saw, plainly enough, my late schoolfellow and friend Edwin Millman standing on the steps, with a radiant countenance. To spring from my chair almost before he had opened his lips to Betsy Miller, and to rush across the hall before he was half through his message, were matters of course.

Edwin had come to invite me to spend the day with him at his home, which was in Gracechurch Street. He—or his father for him—had planned out a day's holiday. We were to go together to the British Museum, which would occupy some three or four hours; then we were to get to Gracechurch Street in a hackney-coach in time for a late dinner; and then I was to be sent back again to Silver Square at a comfortable time for getting to bed. All this, of course, subject to my grandfather's consent. Only, if Edwin succeeded in his mission, there was no time to be lost; and he couldn't come in, on any account, only to stay in the hall while I changed my attire, if it needed changing.

"Wait a minute, Edwin," was soon said; and, in another second, I was back again in the office.

"Grandfather, you can settle this business without me; can't you, now?" and I repeated the invitation I had received.

"Why, what a hurry you are in!" said Mr. Anthony Bix.

"Pretty considerably cool, too," added Mr. Filby, "to walk off while we are considering your welfare."

"Oh, you can consider that as well without me as with me. I can trust to you for that, grandfather."

"And so you may," my grandfather returned, softly; "so go along if you will; but what are we to make of you, Hurly?"

"Anything you like, sir: I'll promise to agree to it," said I, and went away laughing.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE MILLMANS AT HOME.

How gaily Edwin and I started off, arm-in-arm, from Silver Square, through the busy city, until we reached the quieter retreats of Bloomsbury; how we passed under the old gateway of the Museum, and roamed from room to room amidst stuffed birds, and beasts, and fishes, preserved beetles, and butterflies, and centipedes, old-world relics from Egyptian tombs, which showed that the men, women, and children of thousands of years ago were vastly like the men, women, and children of our day; how we satiated our sight with the sculptures of ancient Greece and Rome; how we wondered at the fossil remains of extinct existences; how, when the eye was, for that time, tired of seeing, we once more emerged into the busy streets, and hailed a hackney-coach (for cabs were not then), which conveyed us to our destination—need not here be told at full. It was four o'clock when Edwin's home was reached, and I was introduced into its *penetrals*, little thinking how many happy hours I should thereafter be permitted to spend beneath that roof.

It was a common-place house, no doubt, narrow and high; not to be compared with the old mansion of Sir Miles Silver, with which I was so familiar. There were scores of houses like it in Gracechurch Street alone; thousands like it within a mile of its site. Its ground floor was occupied by offices and counting-houses; for (have I said it before?) Mr. Millman was a merchant. On the floors above were sufficient apartments for the merchant's small family; the day not having yet arrived when almost every citizen crowded and elbowed out from a city residence, should perforce have to seek a home in the wide and yet widening suburbs of the modern Babylon.

During our rattle over the stones in the hackney coach, Edwin had found time to tell me that he was soon to take a seat and desk in his father's counting-house—which I expected. He spoke also of his sister Mary and his aunt Rhoda—his father's sister—in terms of boyish enthusiasm. Of course I had heard of these ladies many times before. Trust to schoolboys for exalting sisters, aunts, and mothers, or any other female relations, in the ears of their companions. At any rate, Edwin had done this; and I was prepared to find in aunt Rhoda a paragon of matronly wisdom and kindness, and in Mary Millman a perfect specimen of girlish loveliness. I am sure I wished to do so; and it is no treason to say that I was disappointed. I dare say I was wanting in good taste and due appreciation; or, perhaps, my admiration had been forestalled by Betsy Miller and Sophy Tindall. But, whatever the cause of my indifference, I may as well confess that, for a middle-aged lady, I thought aunt Rhoda was stiff and formal, and, for a young lady in her teens, that Edwin's sister was too quiet and retiring by half. This was my first impression on being introduced to them. A rather tall and thin chit of a girl was Mary Millman, with limp brown hair very primly parted over her white forehead, and smoothly combed down behind her ears, without the ghost of a curl to set off the pallid cheeks, which were tinged with just the slightest shade of a blush

when she reluctantly, as I thought, suffered me to take her by the hand, that, for one single moment only, lay in mine, and was then withdrawn without returning the slight pressure by which, with the clumsy but innocent gallantry of sixteen, I attempted to initiate our first meeting. Oh, Mary, dear! to think what a goose I made of myself then, and what invidious comparisons I drew in my mind between you and the blooming little cousin of mine down in Kent! And what a strange, forward, familiar boy you must have thought me to be, in spite of all your prepossessions in my favour, gathered from your brother's warm encomiums of the schoolfellow whom he would persist in saying had saved his life. Ah, well, the time was to come when our thoughts of each other underwent a curious change.

As to aunt Rhoda, I acknowledged to myself that she was a comfortable-looking lady—very good-tempered, evidently; and with a wonderful reverence for her brother, whom I verily believe she considered to be the best fellow in London, let the second best be whoever he might. She was very fond of her niece and nephew also; but I fancied she did not take kindly to me at first. She was one of those persons, not unfrequently to be met with, whose affections and sympathies are so concentrated within a very limited circle, where they have full play and burn very brightly, that they can scarcely extend beyond it. It struck me, too, at the time, that this good lady was unnecessarily jealous of the frank and hearty love borne towards me by her nephew, as though I was robbing others of what was their own peculiar property. But, perhaps, I was mistaken in this.

You are not to suppose, however, that I was made very unhappy by the slight disappointment of my expectations. If aunt Rhoda condescended rather unnecessarily, and Mary shrunk within herself, like a sensitive plant, which, indeed, she resembled, I had a hearty reception from Edwin's father, which was worth having. I had a good dinner, too, which was not to be despised; and when, by-and-by, we adjourned into the drawing-room, and ceremony began to thaw under Mr. Millman's genial influence, I gradually forgot that I was a stranger. Before the time fixed for my return to Silver Square, I had been insensibly drawn out to speak of my history, and found myself, almost without my knowing it, and quite without my intending it, giving an account of the grand consultation from which I had that morning been withdrawn, and my present uncertainty as to my future course.

On the other hand, I knew I was delighted as well as instructed by the conversation of Edwin's father. It was a style of conversation quite new to me. In his earlier days he had travelled rather extensively, and his reminiscences of former adventures were full of interest. He was evidently a keen observer of men and manners, and he scattered before us the fruits of his experience without bitterness or malice, but rather as one who had been an amused spectator of the vagaries and inconsistencies of his fellow-creatures. In all this Mr. Millman manifested no conscious superiority, evinced no pretensions to wisdom or wit. He wished to please; to do this he knew that he must put his companions at ease with themselves; and he succeeded—succeeded so well that the evening passed quickly and happily, and before it was broken up we were put in such good humour with one another all round that aunt Rhoda unbent herself to tell me that I must come and see Edwin again, and I began to think that Edwin's sister was not, after all, so very plain-featured and uninteresting.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—I ESCAPE BEING SENT TO SEA, DIVULGE ONE OF MY SECRETS, AND RECEIVE STRICT INJUNCTIONS.

"AND how did you get on after I left you this morning, Betsy?"

"Get on!" said Betsy, with a strong gesture of disgust. "Hurly, that Filby is a worriting weasel—that's what he is, my dear."

"Why, Betsy! what has Mr. Filby been doing?" I asked, in some surprise. In general I knew that my grandfather's two ministers of state were on good terms with each other, though they occasionally sparred in a good-humoured sort of way.

"Doing! what has that Filby been doing? I am thankful he hasn't been doing anything. But 'tis what he has been saying."

"About me, Betsy?"

"About you, Hurly; yes, nothing less. What do you think he wants to make of you, or wants your grandfather to make of you?" said Betsy Miller, fuming.

"I really have not the slightest idea. Perhaps he has been proposing to take me apprentice to himself," I surmised. "He said something about apron and sleeves, and sleeping under the counter, I remember. Was that it?"

"Worse than that, and that would be bad enough," returned Betsy; "but nothing would do for that man but you must be sent to sea. There, then! what do think of Mr. Filby for a spiteful old parchment-seller?"

"To sea! Well, I don't think that's a bad idea, Betsy. Why should I not go to sea?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Hurly; don't," said Betsy Miller, sharply. "You might as well say why shouldn't you go and jump off the top of the monument?"

"There's some little difference, I think. But why do you suppose Mr. Filby hit upon that expedient of getting rid of me?" I asked.

"You may well say getting rid of you," replied Mrs. Miller, warmly; "and as to why he hit upon it—what signifies, only that he is a crusty old bachelor? I haven't patience with him."

Let me repeat that Betsy Miller had usually a great deal of patience with Mr. Filby. And, especially during the three years I had been at school, I had reason to believe, partly from observation, and partly from various hints and innuendoes thrown out by Betsy herself, that a pleasant mutual understanding had sprung up between them which might possibly end in matrimony. On the present occasion, however, a breach seemed to have been made in their friendship.

"Well, it doesn't matter why Mr. Filby recommended my being sent to sea," I said. "It signifies more what my grandfather thinks of the plan. I told him I would agree to anything, you know; and, to tell you the truth, Betsy, I have had a thought that I should like to be a sailor."

"And it is a good thing there are wiser heads than yours in the world, Hurly," said Mrs. Miller. "You a sailor, too! Wait till there isn't a street-crossing to sweep, or a birch-broom to be got for love or money."

"But what did my grandfather say about it?" I persisted in asking.

"He said that he wouldn't hear of such a thing, Hurly; and then the old parchment-seller took himself off in a huff; and if he never comes back again, we can do uncommonly well without him. And that's what I say."

"But not what you think, Betsy. You know better than that. And there's more sense in Mr. Filby than you think. I could tell you a secret: shall I?"

And so, by a strong effort, I got myself at length to speak of my uncle William. I did not divulge all I knew, or fancied I had discovered; but I told of his being a teacher, under a false name, at the school I had just left; and of my having learnt writing of him till I supposed I had copied his style of penmanship; that I was convinced both my grandfather and Mr. Filby had noticed this similarity, and that, consequently, Mr. Filby (who, by the way, from the nature of his business, was a connoisseur in handwriting, and professed to be able to discover hidden traits of character in down-strokes and up-strokes) augured all kinds of evil to me and of me; the only escape from which was to put me out of the way of doing the mischief which he verily believed was ready within me to burst out in bud, blossom, and fruit. All this because my writing resembled that of my unprincipled uncle!

Betsy Miller was at first dumb-stricken by my revelations; and when she recovered breath to speak, her words came out at first in a succession of abrupt exclamations, in manner like the pops of a bottle of ginger-beer when first opened, and in matter as follows:—"That bad, base man! That wicked wretch! To go to practise deception like that! He a writing-master! And a Latin-master! Oh, be thankful, Hurly! Dear me, if he had corrupted you! To think of his impudence, and his daring ever to show himself again among gentlemen! My poor Hurly, what an escape you have had! That bad, wicked William Bix!"

"I could tell you something more about him," I said when I could edge in a few words, and feeling half disposed to bestow my full confidence upon her relative to my meeting with him as a quack-doctor, and the discovery I had made, or believed I had made, of a certain chapter in his history. But Betsy cut me short.

"Don't tell me any more, Hurly. You can tell me nothing good; and I know too much that's bad already. I won't hear any more; and, Hurly, whatever you do, don't breathe a syllable of what you have told me to your grandfather."

"But, Betsy, don't you think he will be glad to hear that my uncle—"

"Don't call him your uncle, Hurly. He isn't worthy of the name," Betsy interjected.

"Well, William Bix, then; don't you think that grandfather will be glad to hear that he is more respectable than he was, and wishes to keep so?"

"Didn't he get into his situation by deception, Hurly? You have just told me so, I think. And hasn't he some deep, wicked scheme in his bad heart? Oh, that man! No, don't speak about him to my poor old master, Hurly, I beg of you."

"I will not, then, if you think I had better not; and I must not say any more about him to you. But I may ask you one or two questions. Was William Bix ever married?"

"He married? He?" almost shrieked Betsy, with such marks of genuine astonishment at the inquiry that I was satisfied she knew nothing of it, if it were so.

"Don't say any more, Betsy," I rejoined; "and I agree with you that his wife, if he ever had one, was to be pitied. But can you tell me if, when he was hanging loose about London, twelve or fourteen years ago, he went by any other name?"

"I can't think why you ask such things, Hurly," said Mrs. Miller; "and, if I were you, I wouldn't be over-curious to know anything more than you can help about that bad man. The best thing I can wish for you, where he is concerned, is that you may never meet him again."

"Yes; but, Betsy, was he known by any other name?" I persisted in asking.

"Well, if you must know," said Betsy, reluctantly, "I believe that he had the grace to go by some other name. But, bless you, Hurly, talk about names, William Bix has had a many different names; but what signifies names when the thing itself is bad as bad can be?"

I thought of the quotation, "What's in a name? A rose would smell as sweet if called by any other name." I merely said, however, "So William Bix has gone by other names besides that of Smithers, then?"

"You may trust him for that," said Betsy. "A villain is not at a loss for a name."

"And one of those names began with a T—Tin something—Tintacks, or Tinfoil, or—"

"Tindall," said Betsy.

I was right, then; and Sophy Tindall was my cousin.

THE WATER-SUPPLY OF CITIES AND TOWNS.*

I.

WATER, pure, wholesome, and fit to drink, is the first necessary of life. Men, and animals too, will thrive better on bad food than on bad water; and men will live longer without food to eat than without water to drink. All over the habitable world it is the presence of water, or its absence, on any otherwise convenient spot, which, more than any other circumstance, determines whether it shall be populated or not. Hence we see that everywhere human beings settle down, as if by instinct, on the banks of rivers and streams, by the shores of fresh-water lakes, or in districts where wells and brooks abound; and, if in any place the waters fail, and their loss cannot be speedily supplied, the community is, of dire necessity, at once broken up. In a young settlement, so long as the population is thin, the natural sources of water on their selected site are generally sufficient, and the question of water-supply is one that rarely suggests itself; but, as the population multiplies, these sources are found too small, or they become contaminated for want of careful preservation; and then, as matters grow worse and worse, the question of water-supply rises into one of vital importance. The story of nearly every great city, if it were fairly told, would be sure to contain one or more chapters on this subject; and they would probably recount the sufferings and apprehensions of the citizens when water was scarce, and the means adopted to procure it in abundance.

We know, from records handed down to us, that the first means resorted to in order to obtain a permanent supply of drinking-water was the sinking of wells. When these were first made they were probably mere drainage-pits, dug in moist localities to collect the water as it filtered through the surface soil. But, very early in the history of man, he became of necessity skilled in an art upon which his very existence depended; and accordingly we find that the most ancient relics of human industry, known unquestionably to be such, are the ancient wells and ruins of wells and tanks, dug or constructed by the patriarchs and their contemporaries or predecessors. Among these, the best known in the present day are the wells of Abraham, at Beer-sheba; that of Jacob, near Sychar; and that of Joseph,

* The renewed visitation of cholera has given fresh importance to this subject. As in previous outbreaks, the mortality has been greatest in unwholesome, uncleanly districts, and the impure water scantily supplied to an overcrowded population has contributed not a little to the proximate causes of the fatal epidemic.

at Cairo. These have been visited and described by a succession of travellers to Eastern lands; and they still serve the purpose for which they were designed, of supplying water in a weary land. The well of Joseph, at Cairo, is, however, considered by antiquaries to be falsely attributed to the patriarch, and to be of a much more recent date; some writers referring it to the famous Saladin, and others to a vizier of the name of Yussuf (or Joseph), who lived about eight hundred years ago. It is so remarkable a work that we are tempted to give a brief description of it. Its depth is about three hundred feet. "The mode of raising the water was by an endless rope, carrying earthen pots or buckets, and working over a wheel at top and bottom, similar to the buckets of the modern dredging-engine, only that the chain of pots moved vertically, instead of working in a sloping direction.

"The endless rope carrying the pots was put in motion by oxen walking round in a circle; and, as the depth of the well was too great to be worked in one lift, it was divided into two separate shafts by a compartment large enough for the oxen to work in, at a depth of 165 feet below the surface of the ground. Herein arises the great peculiarity of the well; the upper shaft having a section of twenty-four feet by eighteen, with a spiral passage winding round it from top to bottom, of sufficient dimensions to allow the oxen to pass from the surface to the working chamber at the lower extremity of the upper shaft. The spiral passage is six feet four inches wide, and seven feet two inches high, and is made with so gradual an inclination that persons ride up and down upon asses or mules. The lower shaft goes from the bottom of this chamber to a further depth of 132 feet. This lower shaft is not in the same line as the upper one, but a little on one side, and is smaller in dimensions, being fifteen feet by nine. The oxen working in the chamber between the two shafts raised the water into a reservoir immediately at the bottom of the upper shaft, through which it was again raised to the surface by another chain of pots, worked by oxen at the top of the well.

"The extraordinary skill displayed in the construction of this well has excited the admiration of all travellers who have visited it. The spiral passage surrounding the upper shaft is executed with the utmost precision, a very thin portion of the rock (only about six inches) being left between the passage and the cavity of the well. Semicircular openings, or loopholes, are formed at intervals, by which the spiral passage is directly lighted from the interior. Many curious conjectures have been hazarded as to this remarkable well and its peculiar oblong form. This latter has been attributed, with some show of reason, to the necessity for lighting the interior, and to the fact that this form would admit the light of the sun during more hours of the day than a square or circular section."

Another method of collecting water, perhaps not less ancient than that of sinking wells, was that of damming up streams, and impounding the water by embankments at or near their source. Traces of this method, which they show to have been formerly followed upon a large scale, yet exist both in Egypt and throughout the plains of India; such impounded waters forming wide artificial lakes, and being available for irrigating large tracts of land which were anciently under cultivation, but which have ceased to be so, owing to the destruction of such reservoirs.

The use of aqueducts for the conveyance of water to cities is of very great antiquity. Remains of some are

still to be traced in Syria, in the neighbourhood of Tyre and of Jerusalem, which are supposed to date from the time of Solomon; but the earliest account we have of the construction of an aqueduct is given by Herodotus, who describes one which was made by Eupalinus, an architect of Megara, for conveying water to the city of Samos, and which pierced through a hill by means of a tunnel nearly a mile in length. The first of the ancient Roman aqueducts was made by the Censor Appius Claudius, B.C. 331; it brought water from a distance of eleven miles, to supplement the produce of the wells and springs in the vicinity of the city. About a century later Quintus Martius commenced the famous aqueduct called after him the Aqua Marcia, and which was thirty-eight miles in length; it brought to Rome the waters of a spring thirty-three miles distant, and was carried over a series of nearly seven thousand arches, some of which were nearly a hundred feet in height. As the population of Rome increased, and the luxurious use of the bath became general among them, the demand for water grew in proportion. The emperors appear to have courted popularity by furnishing abundance of water to the city. Thus Augustus constructed the Aqua Virginia; Nero made another for conveying the waters of the Anio; and Caligula began the Aqua Claudia, an immense work, which ran through deep cuttings and occasional tunnells for nearly forty miles. The number of aqueducts which supplied Rome have been variously stated at from fourteen to twenty—many of them being built at an enormous expense, and carried through rocks and mountains, as well as on arches across valleys. The general declivity of a Roman aqueduct was the fourth of an inch to every hundred feet, which is about the rate adopted in modern structures of the kind. When the waters were carried underground, they had shafts or openings every 240 feet. The care of the aqueducts was at first confided to the censors and ædiles, but in the time of the emperors, officers were appointed for the purpose called *curatores aquarum*, who had a band of 720 men under them, appointed and paid for the purpose of keeping the waterworks in repair.

The Romans built their aqueducts mostly of brick, and laid the conduit for carrying the water over a series of semi-circular arches. The sides of the conduit were brick or stone, the bottom was tiled, and it was covered in by an arch turned across it, or by flat coping-stones. It has been falsely stated by some writers that these immense engineering works were needless, and that the Romans would not have made them had they not been ignorant of the principle by which liquids return to their level. Nothing can be more absurd than this notion. Its falsity is shown by the fact that, after the water was brought to the vicinity of Rome, and stored in the reservoirs (*castella*), the engineers utilized the principle of which it is said they were ignorant, by conveying it through leaden pipes wherever it was wanted throughout the city. Further, the methods by which this was done are fully described by Pliny, Palladius, Vitruvius, and other Roman writers. It might be urged, with just as much reason, that Hugh Middleton was unacquainted with the simplest laws of hydrostatics, because, when he formed the New River, he thought of no other principle than that of a uniform channel for the water. The truth is, that, until the comparatively recent introduction of cast-iron pipes strong enough to bear the pressure of a column of water four or five hundred feet vertical, it would have been madness to attempt the formation of conduits which should cross hills and valleys by following the undulations of the ground. The Romans had no such massive iron pipes,

and were, therefore, driven to the adoption of the means they used, and which even the moderns find it occasionally advantageous to imitate.

Wherever the Romans extended their conquests, they carried with them their civilizing arts; and, consequently, the remains of their gigantic aqueducts are found in every land which they thoroughly subdued. Throughout Italy, Sicily, and Greece these remains are, perhaps, most abundant; while in Spain the Roman aqueducts of Segovia and Seville still pour their supplies of water into those towns; and in the south of France the aqueducts of Nîmes, Metz, and Lyons attest the skill and renown of their architects. The aqueduct of Nîmes, known to most of us through pictorial representations of the Pont du Gard, with its three tiers of arcades placed one over the other to the height of 150 feet above the valley, is said to have supplied fourteen millions of gallons of water daily.

Under the later Roman emperors important works were executed for supplying Constantinople with water. The water was first collected in reservoirs formed on the slopes of mountains about twelve miles distant, and thence was led in aqueducts to the city. There are four aqueducts, one of which conveys the contents of three reservoirs, the other three serving each as a conduit to its own reservoir. In addition there are immense subterranean reservoirs, one of which, now in ruins, is called the Thousand-and-one Columns, although the columns number, in fact, but two hundred and twenty-four. The Turks call this vast tank *Bon-Bir-Dereck*. It is thus described by a recent visitor to Constantinople: "The columns, of white marble, are surmounted by large capitals, of a barbarous Corinthian style, supporting arches, and forming numerous aisles with their ranges. They have a projection three or four feet from their base, which shows the height to which the water rose, and which formed their apparent base when the reservoir was filled. The earth has been elevated by the accumulations of the dust of centuries, the crumbings of the roof, and detritus of all sorts; and the cistern must formerly have been much deeper than it now appears. There are some sculptures faintly discernible upon the capitals of the columns—Byzantine hieroglyphics, the meaning of which is unknown." The monogram of Constantine is apparent upon the large Roman bricks which form the arches, and on the shafts of many of the columns; hence it is presumable that the place was built in his reign, and it is supposed to have been intended for the purpose of storing water in case of a siege or similar calamity. It is interesting to note that this reservoir of the Greek emperor, with its many columns, is almost identical in design with the huge subterranean and covered reservoirs which were constructed by the London water companies for the storing of their filtered water about ten years ago.

In connection with this subject it is curious to recall the fact that the ancient Peruvians were as earnest in the collection and storage of water as the Romans themselves, and, relatively, were no less lavish of labour and expense in accomplishing their object. It is stated, in Garcilasso's "*Commentaries of Peru*," that the ancient Incas constructed numerous aqueducts for conveying water from the hills to fertilize the otherwise dry and desert parts of the country. In one instance an insignificant stream was conveyed a distance of sixty miles for the purpose of irrigating a few acres of land; in another an aqueduct 360 miles in length and twelve feet in depth was made to spread fertility over a tract of country fifty miles in breadth; and in a third instance an aqueduct was carried to the length of 450

miles to irrigate the pastures of an extensive district. The Peruvians appear to have used little masonry in the construction of these works, but conveyed the water round the sides of hills, following such a course as gave them a proper inclination—adopting, indeed, much the same plan as that which was followed in bringing the waters of the New River from Chadwell Springs to London.

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES AMONG THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

CHAPTER III.—THE CRUISE OF THE "SHAMROCK"—BARRA.

THE "Rose's" anchor was up first, and, with the ungainly "Shamrock" clattering and roaring behind us, we bore away for Kisimul Bay with a superb breeze, the skipper shaking the reefs out of the mainsail as we rounded the point, with a cheery "We'll show her our heels, my boys." For a few miles the yacht flew through the water, her gunwale out of sight, her copper gleaming on the weather side, and the spray, as it was flung from her bow, dashing joyously over the sails. Right merrily she bounded, with that easy bend and spring peculiar to a sailing vessel; steam doing its best, and showing its worst, as the "Shamrock" was left far behind. But before long the wind chopped round, becoming dead ahead, with an ugly sea, into which the yacht frequently plunged so vindictively as to bury bow and jib-boom, and send the foamy water up to the taffrail. Meanwhile steam became self-asserting, and the black wall-sided gunboat, rolling, pitching, and lurching, steadily gained upon us; and soon it became apparent that Kisimul Bay, which could not be entered after dark, must be given up, and that, if we were to make the nearest anchorage by nightfall, the "Rose" must be taken in tow! It was an end of our glorification, but we signalled, "Take us in tow, and send the gig;" to which due responses were hoisted, and the gunboat, rolling and pitching, came near us, and the "Rose," rolling and pitching, almost literally pitched us into the gig.

Sinking into the hollows of the hilly swell of the Atlantic, sometimes we saw nothing but the mast-heads of both vessels; and from the "Shamrock's" reeling deck hills of lead-coloured water, then dull and calm, alternated with glimpses of the belt of pitiless adamant—high hills, high islands, a desert land, grim, fierce, and barren, more drear and sheer than Ardnamurchan, most cruel-looking, as the background of a lurid and stormy sunset threw the frowning masses into bold relief. After passing Eriska, and the singular ruins of the Weaver's Castle, we entered the roads of the Outer and Inner Ottirvore, a safe anchorage on the north-east of Barra; not so safe, however, but that a Russian vessel, which put in for shelter, dragged her anchors, and was driven ashore, and her shipwrecked crew were detained for four months in the hospitable mansion of Eligarry by stormy weather, which precluded any communication with the mainland. It is a dismal anchorage, and the shadows of a dismal evening fell heavily; but the little cabin of the "Rose" rung with merriment till after midnight, and the musical ripple of the tide during the night proved so soporific that the sun was, or ought to have been, high in the heavens before we were ready to go ashore the next day.

It was one of the most ominous-looking mornings that I ever saw on this coast, and both the pilots prophesied bad weather. The sky was inky, especially in the wind's eye. North Uist was black, the wide Sound of Barra was black and white, and innumerable sea-birds were

now wheeling in circles uttering strange cries, then drifting round our mast-head, as under all the sail the boat would carry we swept shorewards at prodigious speed. After a consultation with the pilots, the commodore sent the yacht off at three to the night's anchorage in Kisimul Bay, and the gunboat to Bayhavergh, retaining the gig, in which to run down the coast. The north-east of Barra, where we landed, is extremely pleasant-looking; and the green hills, sweeping in long green slopes to the white sandy beach, afford the finest pasture.

peared, the procession, shorn of most of its dignities, still exists. On the saint's day, September 25th, the Romish population assembles in the chapel at Borge to hear mass, and then marches to Kilbar on the other side of the island, each man mounted on a small pony and carrying his wife or sweetheart behind him; and in this fashion they ride thrice round the ruins. It is said that the women collect quantities of wild carrots beforehand, with which to regale their partners on this festive day. In the absence of any ceremony, we found



KISIMUL CASTLE, BARRA.

The mansion-house of Eligarry, formerly the residence of the McNeils, is a really good-looking house, with a firm shell road up to it; all its surroundings have a cared-for aspect, and the air felt soft and kindly. The tacksman of Eligarry lives like a patriarch, and his vast flocks and herds range all over the island. He had one hundred and eighty milch cows, four hundred young cattle, and innumerable sheep, and is the possessor of that wonderful phenomenon known as "the big tree," the pride of the islands; a sickly-looking and scarcely recognisable elm, with the appearance of an exaggerated gooseberry-bush. Near the house are the ecclesiastical ruins of Kilbar, and the burial-ground of the McNeils, all nettle-grown and sad. In this dismal resting-place, to which man and nature have been equally unkind, sleep all the haughty Barra chiefs who, from time immemorial, carried terror into every creek of the western islands until Roderick the Turbulent committed piracy on one of the ships of Queen Elizabeth; indeed, if tradition speaks truly, the depredations of these Barra marauders were hardly less dreaded than the incursions of the Norse Vikings. A very few feet of earth now holds their dust, and this is in a state of neglect which says little for the piety of their descendants. We investigated the ruins under difficulties caused by nettles and thistles six feet high, but the remains are very uncouth, and consist mainly of the pedestal of a cross and two small chapels, each with an altar of rough stones at one end. These chapels are dedicated to St. Barr, whose saintship, however, rests on a somewhat dubious foundation, as no mention of him is made in the Romish calendar; nevertheless he is the tutelary saint of the island. His wooden effigy formerly stood near these Kilbar chapels, and was honoured by native offerings and by a procession on his holy day; and, though the figure has long since disap-

peared, the procession, shorn of most of its dignities, still exists. On the saint's day, September 25th, the Romish population assembles in the chapel at Borge to hear mass, and then marches to Kilbar on the other side of the island, each man mounted on a small pony and carrying his wife or sweetheart behind him; and in this fashion they ride thrice round the ruins. It is said that the women collect quantities of wild carrots beforehand, with which to regale their partners on this festive day. In the absence of any ceremony, we found

the ruins exceedingly uninteresting, and were speedily off in the gig for the place of rendezvous with the gunboat. The east coast of Barra is wild and rugged, and its picturesque hills break up into a fringe of small rocky islets, separated by narrow channels, through which the tide rushes with great velocity. The commodore took us down this coast with the double object of showing us the "labyrinth," and sounding for a rumoured sunken rock. And such a complete labyrinth it was as to baffle the organs of locality of the men who had been there before, and to render a friendly smear of white paint on a rock, a memento of a former visit, a most welcome clue. The gig flew through the water, and

"Round about,
And in and out,"

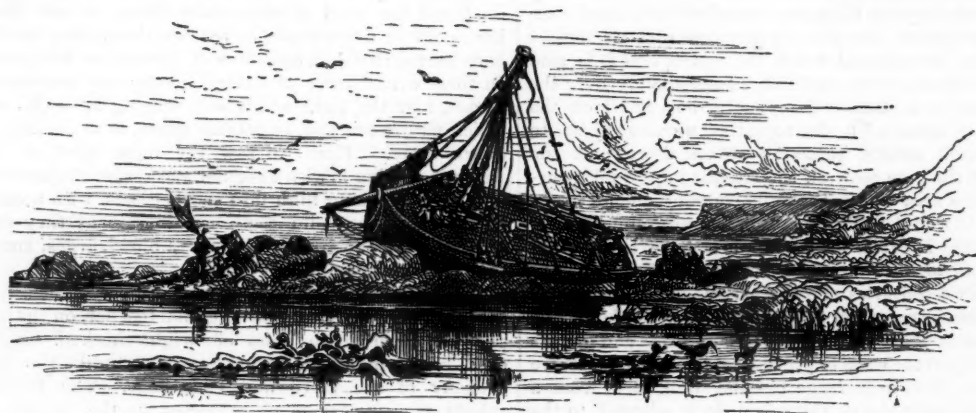
under such a breeze that, as we held on to the windward side, we felt as if our heads would be blown off. Gallantly she flew, dashing in foam round sharp rocky points, shooting through grim tideways, till, through a channel which would not have held a rowing-boat, she darted into a deep loch, so strange in its stern loneliness as to suggest the idea—

"We were the first who ever burst
Into that silent sea."

At the head of the loch are the gray, undraped ruins of a chemical work, into which an unlucky speculator transmuted a large fortune; but these rather increase than diminish the aspect of desolation. The sky was gray and solemn—a confusion of drifting clouds—and gray and solemn were the rocky hills, which looked as if they had been piled up in anger, and placed under a ban for evermore. The loch was leaden, and, two miles off, where it opened to the Minch, there were glimpses of a gray and unquiet sea, with the "Sham-

rock" at anchor in the foreground. An hour was spent in searching for the rumoured rock, rowing to and fro in every direction within a given limit, keeping the lead going as fast as possible, and half an hour more in extricating the lead itself from a submarine crevice in which it had lodged. During this time the "Shamrock" was showing unmistakable symptoms of impatience, and not without reason, as the anchorage for which we were bound is entered only by a narrow and devious channel, among sunken, pinnacle-shaped

of this—so unwritten and unpainted, so unknown and unvisited, so altogether lonely and out of the world. On deck, after the yacht was quiet, I fancied I could discern the outlines of a large castle just under the bow. Then most surely there were high hills, if not mountains, and there was an audible drip of rivulets, and a deep intermittent thunder as of torrents crashing down mountain sides, and a scent of heather floated off from the shore—quite enough materials these for the creation of a landscape. The light went out in the hut on the hill,



WRECK AT NORVE.

rocks, and could not be approached safely after dark. I was awoke from a sleep on the roof of the chart-room, the only dry place in the ship, by hearing the sharp order, "Hard a-port," speedily followed by "Hard a-starboard," and found the engines stopped and the officers and pilot in earnest consultation. It was almost more than dusk—too dark, indeed, for them to see their own leading-marks; and the trustworthy old pilot, who had not that love of *dash*—of adventure just spiced with peril—which is innate in some men and women, did not want to "risk it;" but the commodore demonstrated to him that we could not get back to the Ottirvore against a heavy sea, and that there was no other anchorage. The getting in was interesting, but tedious; the engines stopped every minute or two, the lead kept going, all eyes strained for the dim outlines of points and rocks, and at last we found our anchorage by the light of a lantern moored off the "Rose." In another six months the erection of beacons and leading-marks, and the publication of charts, prepared with incredible care, will open up this splendid harbour, and skippers may run in almost blindfold, the habit of accepting hydrographical conclusions preventing them from estimating the tremendous labour, the harassing repetitions, the constant risk, and the exposure to cold and storms by which these conclusions were obtained. In a little zinc hut, high up on the hill, in an exile which only duty and occupation could render tolerable, two surveying officers had been stationed for six months, and these joined the dinner-party in our little cabin. It might have been a meeting of a travellers' club, for our vagrant experiences embraced all latitudes and lands, from the arctic regions to the South Pacific; and, though we had the prospect of a start at daybreak, it was midnight before we broke up.

If people have any imagination at all, they must always be conscious of a singular and usually pleasurable sensation on arriving in a new scene in the dark; and Kisimul Bay was the very place for the full enjoyment

the gunboat was all quiet, and Nature had it her own way: the moan of the unresting sea outside, the light ripple of water upon rocks, the fitful cries of wandering birds, and a booming as if winds imprisoned in great sea-caves were violently attempting their escape.

At five a boat's crew from the "Shamrock" called us with a hoarse and prolonged "A-h-o-y!" strangely suggestive of Boreas. It was blowing hard, and raining heavily; even in the sheltered anchorage the yacht was tugging at her anchor; and getting up by candlelight on a "nasty morning," to go to the second wildest lighthouse in Scotland, seemed such an unattractive proceeding that we stayed below, covertly desiring such a decision as would give us yet "a little folding of the hands to sleep," and highly appreciating the practical wisdom contained in the old caution, "Sleep over it." At six the old pilot was signalled, and I overheard this characteristic colloquy: "Well, John, what do you think of the weather?" "Bad, sir; foul wind: there'll be a heavy gale in two hours." "Could we get out of the bay?" "Well, sir, I'm no' so very sure." "If we get out, could we get round the point?" "No, no, sir; we'd be driven back for certain. Indeed, sir, it's my opinion we'll never get to Barrahead; and there's no landing if we did. Hear, now, there, sir!" and the booming of loud, hoarse gusts showed that the winds imprisoned in great sea-caves had made good their escape. So there was an end of Barrahead, and soon a dense fog came on, with the wind blowing great guns; but at eleven, pierced in every direction by wild gleams of sunshine, this fog surrendered the contest, and rolled itself up for another time, leaving wind and hail-storms to hold their carnival.

I was surprised to find that the imaginary landscape, conjured out of strange sounds and misty outlines, was not so very unlike the real one. We were at anchor close to the shore in very deep water, in a noble bay or harbour, the ingress to which was completely hidden by an island. This lake-like reach is nearly surrounded by wild-looking, picturesque hills, with a few huts sprinkled

along their base, dominated over by the small zinc hut of the surveying officers, with its roof kept down by large stones. The Union Jack floated over this abode, not only giving to its forlorn identity the shadow of a great renown, but redeeming the russet monotony of the whole hill-side by its welcome scarlet folds. We were close to a rocky islet not more completely covered by the sea at high water than it is by the ruins of Kisimul Castle, whose massive walls appear at high tide to rise out of the sea. This is the grandest ruin in the Western Highlands, and strikingly resembles Chillon. It has a stately keep, about sixty feet high, very massively built, and completely draped on one side by the beautiful *Asplenium marinum*. In a dismal den at the foot of this it is said that delinquents were confined. Immediately over the entry there is a small cell or sentry-box, in which the "gockman" stood all night, repeating warlike rhymes to keep himself awake, throwing stones down over the outside of the gate between the stanzas to prevent a surprise. The area within the walls contains, among heaps of ruins, the well-defined remains of many dwelling-rooms, in which the McNeils of Barra must have been sumptuously lodged, in comparison with some of their neighbours. Two centuries ago the natives informed Martin that the castle was then five hundred years old; and he states that at that time it had regular officers and guards stationed upon the walls to prevent surprise. In the centre of the area there is a large circular well, filled from a spring; and near the entrance is a dock adapted to the exact length and breadth of the McNeil galley, and defended by a strong wall from the action of the sea. The castle owes its beauty not to any grace of architecture, but to the exceeding picturesqueness of its irregular form, its singular insular position, and the fantastic loneliness of the bay in which it is situated. This is by no means the only relic of a fortification on the island. There are numerous watch-towers and duns upon every lake, one of them, between Kisimul and Borge, very picturesque, and apparently of great strength.

We explored Barra in a peat-cart, one of the officers from the hut, dressed like a bandit and mounted on a pony with unique equipments, acting as our cicerone. The road generally served the double purpose of a road and the bed of any stream which found it temporarily convenient, and ran straight up and straight down hill, in defiance of modern engineering principles. It gave us a great variety of views—Kisimul Castle and the bay, with its ephemeral naval gaieties, wild hills, and rugged passes; *kraals* of wretched abodes, only distinguishable from potato hummocks by a general smokiness; deep lakes, with islet duns upon them; then the west side and the open ocean. The clouds had drifted eastward, or were heaped in huge, fleecy, sunlit masses upon a sky of bright, deep blue; and the sun shone upon the wet heather, turning every drop into a gem—shone upon that strange coast, where the deep sand-drifts lay pure as the driven snow, and shone upon the vast sweep of the blue Atlantic, which came surging on in tremendous masses of foam yet whiter than the sand. It was a glorious view—the ocean in all its majesty, the great, resistless, untraversed, terrible Atlantic, robbed for the time of horror, and rejoicing in the light of God's blessed sun; this wonderful ocean, which has ever for us the interest of a sinner trembling between right and wrong, amused, depressed, changing every hour, shocking, frightening, fascinating, keeping us alive. None but those who know from experience in what darkness, mist, and storm "the hoarse Hebrides" are usually inwrought can realize the wealth of glad sensation which enters the soul with these brief bright sunlinks.

The Borge road runs along the perilous edge of precipices, up which the surf washes, then skirts the sand-drifts, everywhere giving wild views of rock and ocean. Most of this coast is defended against the Atlantic by a barrier of immense rocks, excavated by the action of the waves into great caves and frightful fissures; but there are deep bays, of which Borge is one, composed entirely of loose sand of the purest white, formed of shells ground to fine powder by the fury of the ocean. This coast is exposed to the south-west, from which quarter the most terrific of the gales proceed, and the sand is perpetually driven to and fro—here piled in drifts eight or ten feet deep, there leaving bare horrid ribs and skeletons of granite or whinstone. In these drifts acres of natural clover are continually buried, and the light sandy soil, verging upon the sea, which nature has clad in delicate green, is as continually blown away. Here we saw the huge swell of the Atlantic, coming in with a regular succession of opalescent blue hills, breaking high into snowy crests, with a crash which made the solid earth reverberate as they were hurled upon the rocks—blue sky, blue surges, snowy sand, and snowy surf.

At the village of Borge we visited a very satisfactory school, with a hopeful, hearty, genial teacher, on the best possible terms with rows of bright-cheeked, bright-eyed, bright-minded pupils, altogether unlike the pale progeny of the Skye and Uist bogs. The Romish priests, who appear much respected by the people, are favourable to the two schools which have been established in Barra, even though they are under the auspices of the Free Church. So preponderating is the Romish faith in this district, that fifty-eight out of the sixty children in the school are of Romish parentage. We attempted visiting some of the huts, but their interiors are not inviting, and the women are more slovenly and dirty than those of the other islands. The dwellings are of a miserable description: the low walls are of loose stones, without any better filling up than common earth, which is washed out by the rain; and the roofs are of heather and straw, kept down by heather ropes weighted with stones. Round holes in the thatch serve to admit the light, blanching the rays as they flicker through, and to emit the smoke from the peat fire, which burns in a hole in the centre of the floor. In one end of this miserable, dark abode, dripping with slime and peat reek, the human beings exist; in the other, with scarcely the semblance of a partition, the cows and ponies hibernate during the winter and spring. The architecture and arrangements are common elsewhere, but the general aspect is peculiar to Barra. The natives have few ideas of cleanliness or comfort. A few rude stools, a big iron pot, and a clumsy attempt at a box-bed constitute their plenishings; but the smoky darkness half reveals miscellaneous heaps of nets and lines, sticks and bits of bored planks, rabbit-skins, tarry wool, and articles of gear for man and beast, all precious in the estimation of an Hebridean. Though they have neither chairs nor tables, and scarcely beds or bedclothes, yet these people are hardy and not especially lazy. Our cicerone had devoted himself to furbishing up their habits, but with little hope of success in the absence of despotic authority.

After returning to Kisimul Bay, we went a mile up a wild, hilly road, from which the view was very picturesque, so fresh and unhackneyed altogether, that world-weary men and women might come and leave their weary spirits in its purity and be refreshed, unless they brought the canker with them in their hearts. Ben Evil, crowned with topaz-tinted rolling mists,

towered above us; rocky hills were tumbled about at his base. Kisimul Bay, with its picturesque fortalice, was at our feet; and southward, in regular succession, Vatesay, Sanderay, Pabbay, and Mingalay, with their corresponding sounds, lay in a stormy yellow haze against an inky background; the surveying vessels, with their pendants flying, the only links with civilized life. Yet these inky cloud-masses were shortly glorified as the setting sun made them his mask, kindling them into strange likenesses of things in earth and heaven, and piercing windows through which to pour his light in arrowy streams; while the boggy patches, with their coarse grass and the reeds and standing pools, were alive with a fanciful play of light and colour from the sunset—alive, and therefore glorious. A few hours later, and, in the mysterious moonlight, the bay was full of weird and evil things; each rock a giant sleeping on his shield, or, with clinging seaweed locks, peering out, sphinx-like, into the gloom; while "the mimic fires of ocean" sparkled in every ripple, glancing hither and thither like swarms of golden bees.

In the Hebrides the love of a sensation is strong, the imagination jumps at once to the marvellous, and coming events often cast their shadows before. How the news travelled, when no boat for a length of time could cross the five stormy sounds between S. Bernera and Barra, no one could divine; but late that night the rumour was received and believed on board our vessels that the officer who had been living for four months in the light-house was in great straits for provisions; that his tea, sugar, etc., had been exhausted for three weeks; and that the light-keepers were unable to supply him. This rumour, only too probably a fact, decided the commodore to go to the rescue if the gunboat could get round; and the next day opened so propitiously, with a brisk breeze in our favour, as to mitigate the horrors of breakfasting by candlelight; for, though a yellow dawn was streaming over the empurpled hills, the long black shadows still lay across the bay. The sun had hardly enlightened, much less had it warmed the world, when the commodore sent word to the "Shamrock" that, "as soon as the anchor was catted and fished," we were ready to start, and the unlovely craft was soon fizzing and spluttering alongside us. This was to be the crowning day of our cruise, and all of us were in high spirits as we took our places on the roof of the chart-room and steamed out of the bay.

It was a glorious morning, not "the Sabbath of the winds and waves," but rather their jubilee and carnival. The sea, blue and crisp with foam, returned the sun's smile in its own "multitudinous laughter," or with its ready sympathies darkened into purple as the great cloud-shadows sailed across, or swelled into a fantastic semblance of the green waves of the rolling prairies as we crossed the mouths of the sounds which open upon the Atlantic; yet it was a hermit sea, with islands as lonely as itself raising their battlemented precipices from the foam which ceaselessly walters at their bases. Mingalay alone showed a few huts hidden in a cleft of the rocks, not very far from a singularly precipitous island (possibly the Scarpa Vervecum of Buchanan), to the top of which the natives ascend at the peril of their lives, hoisting their sheep up after them, in order to fatten them on the short rich grass at the summit.

The gunboat rolled violently, scooping up the foam with her bulwarks; the lead was constantly going, and the leadsmen singing out the soundings; steam roared, and machinery clattered; the sole respite from deafening din the frequent stoppages to take a "bearing" or an "angle," or something equally mysterious, the vessel

knocking about meantime; but, though the description does not exactly suggest the idea of a pleasure trip, every one confessed to an unusual degree of exhilaration, and spirits rose higher and higher as each island landmark was passed; and at nine we sighted S. Bernera, eleven miles ahead. Grandeur and grander, it loomed upon our vision, none the less the ocean's own because it owes its granite crown to science; for it is most fitting that this giant wonder of the Outer Hebrides should bear upon his brow the loftiest of European lights, shedding a beacon flame far and wide, warning all mariners from this most perilous of European coasts. As we neared it we had an excellent view of the singular dolphin shape into which this huge mass of gneiss has been cast. Like all the ramparts and abutments with which nature has furnished these exposed islands, the loftiest part is the west, rising perpendicularly from the sea, and the dip to the east is very sudden.

THE ARTS OF ADVERTISING.

THERE are few things in which the practice of to-day differs more from the usages of the past than the methods, which men take to bring themselves, their business, their aims, and their peculiar merits before the public. But a few centuries ago, there were but slender means of doing this at all; and it is really difficult to realize now a condition of society in which the means of general publicity were wanting. There could, in fact, have been no such thing as society, in the signification we moderns attach to the term, in those not very remote times when there was no advertising medium. Not only must trade and commerce have been carried on by individuals or by partnerships, restricted to few, but the fashionable assemblies and reunions of the time must have had the same isolated character, and the moral influence of different coteries could have extended no further than their own special circles. A reputation for fair-dealing and honesty of purpose on the one hand, and a reputation for wit, generosity, hospitality, and graceful manners on the other, must of necessity have been circumscribed; and the popular proverb which declares that "one half the world knows not how the other half lives" must have been true in a far wider, as well as a different sense than it is now. For want of an advertising medium the merchants and shopkeepers of those days had recourse to the town-crier or bell-man, and to signboards, in the display of which latter every man strove to excel his neighbour, until the streets of London were literally darkened with the massive wooden banners hung out in front of the dwellings; while the fashionables and followers of the court made an analogous species of display in the conspicuous liveries of their servants and retainers, whom it was the custom to parade before the public eye.

The press was destined to bring that popularity which to many was so desirable within reach of all who chose or had the means to pay for it; though what the press was capable of doing in this way was not at first appreciated, and, indeed, was only fully discovered after the lapse of some centuries. The first advertisements ever published, so far at least as we have the means of ascertaining, were advertisements of books, printed on the fly-sheets of the performances of the early printers. The first newspapers confined themselves to the diffusion of commercial and political intelligence, and began their career without advertisements; though it was not long before the advertising column formed a portion of the news-sheet, and the contributions of

advertisers enhanced the profits of the proprietors. It was reserved, however, for modern times (and that long after the advent of the steam press) to make the prosperity—nay, the very existence of newspapers dependent upon advertisements, as is the case with the mass of them at the present day. Take away the advertisements from the daily press, and you would inflict a blow upon journalism which would speedily prove mortal. That this is so will be seen by a brief glance at the facts of the case. These facts are, first of all, the cheapness of the journals themselves, resulting from a fierce, almost reckless competition. So cheap are they, that the cost of paper and printing is in the majority of cases greater than the product of the sale; while even of those which have the largest circulation the profit from the mere sale is considerable only in a very few exceptional instances. In the next place, the cost of paper and printing does but partially represent the cost of producing an efficient daily paper: the cost of authorship, news-gathering, reporting, and special commissioners, both at home and abroad, has to be added to that of production—expenses which in the case of an efficient journal amount to many thousands a year. With weekly journals, which pilfer their news and much of their politics from the dailies, the case is of course different: their expenses bear but small proportion to that of the dailies; while the toil, the trouble, and the responsibility of their management are, in comparison, but trifling.

Of the sums paid annually in this country for advertising, few people have probably any idea. We once counted two thousand four hundred advertisements in the columns of a single journal in one day. Calculating these only at 3s. 6d. each, and supposing every day to be alike productive, the result would be above £2500 a week, or £130,000 a year, from advertisements. It is this unceasing influx of advertisements which makes a successful newspaper a mine of wealth; and we need not wonder that, from time to time, vast sums of money are ventured and lost in the attempt to establish undertakings so pleasantly remunerative.

The public faith in advertising, as evidenced by the multiplication of advertisements, would seem to have been regularly on the increase during the last twenty years and more; though its full development did not take place until the advent of the cheap newspapers, after the repeal of the paper duty. It is a trade maxim, though we will not vouch for its justness, that money spent in advertising is money wisely invested. We rather fear that, whatever may have been the case formerly, the rule no longer holds good. The abnormal multiplicity of advertisements, it appears to us, has materially damaged their individual force and efficacy. We hear people complaining of having advertised again and again in the first London journals, *with no result whatever*, beyond the loss of the money paid for their announcements; and we have the best of all reasons for concluding that experience of this kind is by no means singular. The cause of such failure must be laid to the immense numbers of advertisements, the bare sight of which repels ordinary readers, and discourages even those interested in consulting them. It is true the editors or makers-up of the journal do their best, by means of classification and arrangement, to direct the reader to what he wants, but, as it would appear, with no great success. From this and other concurrent causes, the business of advertising has latterly begun to assume some singular phases, not only in newspapers, but in other publications, and even on the City walls and hoardings—which show us that it is at length being studied as an art, and practised according to systems of

some kind or other, which the practitioners have doubtless laid down for their own guidance. Thus we observe that one original artist leases, apparently for an indefinite period, one particular spot in the newspaper, in which he appears regularly, day after day, week after week, and month after month, in two words only, the first being his Christian name, the second the article he manufactures, both of which, as it is not our cue to give him an advertisement for nothing, we shall take the liberty to translate into "FIGGINS—WIGS." Mr. Figgins's theory is doubtless this: that, by associating his name perpetually with wigs in the morning paper—by, as it were, imprinting both together on the retina of the public—they will become in course of time so accustomed to the conjunction of wigs with Figgins, that, whenever any one of them shall gravitate towards the wigged condition, he will resort to Figgins from the mere impulse of instinct. We have no hesitation in indorsing Mr. Figgins's theory, and pronouncing his plan of action sound. Note the fact that he does not give his address—that would be to intimate that his emporium is not as well known as the Monument or St. Paul's. Brief as is the announcement of Mr. Figgins, he is sometimes outdone in brevity; since we now and then see an advertisement of a single word, with no sort of explanation or suggestion leading to its significance. It is generally an outlandish word, oftener a scientific one. Though usually in the familiar Roman capitals, it is sometimes not so, but figures in Greek or Hebrew, or even in Chinese. The object in these cases is, of course, to excite curiosity and inquiry, so that people may be interested in the solution of the riddle when it comes, as it is sure to come ere long, in the form of a puff in detail—when the thing with the inexplicable name turns out to be a washing-powder, or a whisker-dye, or perhaps some theatrical novelty, whose *début* is thus puzzlingly heralded. This plan is vigorously carried out on walls and hoardings, in coloured placards as broad as a man-of-war's topsail, and sometimes puzzles the public for months before they are allowed to solve the mystery.

Interrogative advertisements are common both on the walls and in the newspaper columns. They take the form of friendly inquiries, as though the advertisers were solicitous for your welfare: they ask us if we bruise our oars; have we tried So-and-so's soap? who is our hatter? have we tasted the golden sherry? do we double up our perambulators? and various other questions equally kind and disinterested, of which the reader versed in newspaper literature can easily recall some dozen or two.

Among all the modes of advertising which the exigencies of the day have called forth, the most formidable and most expensive are those which, for the sake of distinguishing them, we shall call the columnar and the pyramidal systems. The columnar system is the simpler one of the two: it consists in piling up announcements, one upon another, until they reach from the top of a newspaper column to the bottom; it does not much matter whether they are all alike, as they sometimes are, or whether they differ a little as they proceed. Perhaps the first is merely the words "BOLTER'S NEWS;" then the second will be "BOLTER'S NEWS for the Shocking Murder;" the third, "BOLTER'S NEWS for the Great Fire;" and so on to the bottom of a column more than half a yard high. Bolter, it is evident, has an idea that the most effectual method of attracting notice is to drum away at the public until you secure a hearing by constant iteration. Doubtless he is to a certain extent right; and, indeed, he ought to be, for his system must drift him

into heavy expenses, since a single column requires a stiffish cheque to pay the cost of its erection.

The pyramidal system is somewhat similar to the columnar, but is more complex and troublesome, and would be deserving of higher praise than we are disposed to award it, were it not so evidently a plagiarism from the good old story of "The House that Jack Built." The advertiser who pursues this plan begins at the head of his column with his leading line in capitals; say, for instance, "POTTERTON'S CINCHONINE;" then the second blast of the trumpet shall be "POTTERTON'S CINCHONINE cures headache;" the third tells us that "POTTERTON'S CINCHONINE is the best remedy for indigestion yet discovered." And thus the paragraphs follow each other, every succeeding one being more voluminous than that preceding it, until, arriving at the bottom, which is equivalent to being wafted through Jack's legendary mansion as far as "the Cock that crowed in the morn," we are landed in a scientific account of the nature and properties of this new, efficacious, and truly inestimable boon, now offered to suffering humanity at one shilling and three halfpence per bottle; bottles containing three, two-and-nine!

These peculiarities in the art of advertising, we think, point to a state of things in connection with it for which the public has no great reason to rejoice. The rather ominous fact seems to be that one of the great advantages which people, and trading people especially, expected to gain by the establishment of cheap newspapers, and plenty of them, is likely to turn out, if it have not already turned out, little better than a delusion. It is true that the means of advertising are now brought within the reach of all classes, even the very lowest; but it is specially unfortunate that these cheapened means are rendered almost nugatory, as a result of their very abundance. There are newspapers now in every parish, and in the London parishes a poor man, or a servant-girl wanting a place, may advertise in them for sixpence; but what is the use of advertising when your announcement is lost in a shoal of two or three hundred others of a similar kind? The only chance of obtaining notice is to repeat your announcement again and again and again, and thus to tire out competitors by iteration. But to do this is vastly more expensive, both as regards time and money, than it used to be to bring about the same result when the high duty on advertisements confined the use of them within narrower limits. Although advertising is now so cheap, advertising effectually, if we are to credit the testimony of those who should know, is more expensive than ever it was. A trading manufacturer, who has been in the habit of spending thousands a year in advertising, tells us that some thirty years ago he used to consider that money so expended came back in the course of twelve months with a profit averaging about twenty per cent.; whereas at the present time it brings little or no appreciable profit, and the old expenditure is continued merely to prevent loss. If this be so, we need not wonder either that some of the old-established houses which used to advertise extensively have given up the practice altogether; or that others, relinquishing the public journals, prefer to print and circulate their proclamations by means of their own machinery; a practice which has latterly become more and more common, and which, by means of cheap postage, and the use of London and county directories, may be carried, and is carried out with remarkable pertinacity. There is not a post that goes out of London but carries thousands of advertisements, in the epistolary form, for the most part neatly lithographed, and addressed, by means of the local directories, to the landed gentry and to the well-to-

do classes in the rural districts. The London wine-merchants take the lead in this mode of advertising; and the burden of their song is generally a request to be allowed to transmit to the favoured correspondents "sample cases" of vintages, or of spirits or liquéurs, of astonishing excellence and cheapness. Latterly the secretaries of charitable institutions have adopted the same plan—it is to be hoped with a profitable result, though it seems rather doubtful whether it is exactly the right thing thus to employ the funds they have in the uncertain hope of raising more. Promoters of companies (limited), and the blowers of bubbles of various sorts, have pursued this plan for years, and with them it is probable that it first originated; but then they only had recourse to it occasionally at the pleasant crisis when cash was plentiful and money "a drug." It was reserved for the London tradesmen to reduce the business to a system, and to make the distribution of their circulars throughout the country, by the post, a part of their regular routine. The wonder is how such a practice can possibly pay, looking to the enormous expense it must entail on the advertiser.

As regards advertising in newspapers, there is an aspect of the subject which we have not noticed, and which, being of a compensatory kind, should not be passed over. Before the appearance of the cheap local newspapers, the only means of publicity in London were the costly daily papers—or the weeklies, scarcely less costly—whose circulation extended over the whole kingdom. It was obviously not worth the while of the local tradesman to pay for sending his trade-cards into the distant provinces. What he wanted was that the inhabitants of his own district might know what he could do for them, and where he was to be found. This want the cheap local newspapers adequately supply, and in so doing they confer a substantial benefit upon those who carry on business within their range, and thus fulfil their legitimate purpose.

HOME FOR DOGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN TEXAS."

"With eye upraised, his master's looks to scan,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man:
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend;
The only creature faithful to the end."

SOME time in the summer of 1860 an advertisement appeared in "The Times" that a home for lost and starving dogs was about to be established by two or three ladies. Much ridicule was cast upon the project; "leaders" were written in various papers, and as much cold water thrown upon it as could conveniently be emptied; but, in spite of all, it has lived on, and during last year two thousand five hundred dogs found a refuge in it, where they were supported until either claimed by their owners, or new masters found for them, or else were mercifully put out of their misery by the least painful method possible.

The conductor of the omnibus which conveyed me to Holloway said he knew the place to which I wished to go; and, setting me down at the corner of the St. James's Road, a very short walk brought me to Hollingsworth Street, where the "home" is situated. Hammering at some high boarded gates, painted blue, I set several dogs barking, and their clamour soon brought the keeper to see what was the matter. The keeper received me very civilly, and, upon my stating that I wished to see the home and its inhabitants, he led the way down a short, broad, gravelly walk, at the end of which on the right was a paddock, strongly wired in,

on the left a large open yard, and in front the keeper's house, and three enclosed, warm-looking kennels, each capable of housing a good many dogs.

In the paddock were about, as nearly as I could count so many constantly moving animals, thirty dogs of all sizes, but not degrees; being mostly curs, mongrels, rough and smooth haired terriers; but no hound, pointer, setter, or spaniel. Some of the terriers seemed sharp little fellows enough, who would doubtless make useful little watch-dogs for detached villas, and the keeper said that very many found homes for that purpose in the suburbs of London.

How many were confined in the long, enclosed kennels (they seem formerly to have been stables), I did not count, as two or three fierce dogs, fastened to long chains, indicated a strong desire to become very intimately acquainted with the calves of my legs; and one, a very large red mastiff, would have made short work with my throat had he been as free as he was willing.

Inside the door of the middle kennel, where the keeper kept his accounts, was a notice that dogs could be boarded at a rate of from two to four shillings per week, according to size; and my friend the red mastiff, from his size and sleekness, seemed to have the best of the bargain, even at the highest figure.

Another notice, however, close by, was of a different character, and ran thus: "The Committee are anxious to impress upon the public the fact that this institution is not intended to be a permanent home for old and worn-out favourites, nor an hospital for the cure of gentlemen's sick dogs, but simply what it professes to be, a place to which humane persons may send really homeless and famishing dogs found in the streets. They particularly wish to caution persons that it is a great wrong to the charity, and a great cruelty to the poor animals, to bring any that are not proper objects for it, out of mere caprice, or to escape some trifling inconvenience; for, while the really homeless dog soon shows his sense of gratitude at being provided with food and shelter, the dog brought from a home which he has learned to regard as his own, and from a master who, up to that time, had been, perhaps, kind to him, and whom the poor dog loves truly, naturally pines, as all will readily believe who know the sensitive and affectionate character of the animal."

Whenever an apparently valuable dog is brought to the home, the police are always communicated with, so that, should the owner make any inquiries for his lost favourite, he may stand some chance of hearing of and recovering it.

Whenever any one makes an application for a dog, and promises to care for and treat it kindly, he is allowed to take it; but he is expected to make some donation to the home, so as to in some measure pay for its keep; but this charge is always very trifling, and according to the supposed value of the dog. The donation rarely reaches half a guinea, and generally ranges between half a crown and five shillings.

The food of the dogs consists of meal, greaves, etc., and, from the general appearance of all, both boarders and "casuals," they seem to be well cared for.

I will now add a word or two on my own account about the dog. An enthusiastic admirer of the dog has asserted that he must have been the second animal tamed by man; "for," as he says, "Abel, being a keeper of sheep, must have had a shepherd's dog." The dog, that he should belong wholly to man, has been endowed with a predilection for the companionship and friendship of man at the sacrifice of those instinctive passions which

most animals have for their own kind; but the dog cares far more for the society of his master than for his canine acquaintances.

In the East the dog has never been a favourite, and it is rather remarkable that neither in the New nor in the Old Testament is the animal spoken of with kindness. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" seems to point to the dog having been held in much contempt by the Jews of those days; and in the East they still are regarded with the same dislike.

The faithfulness and retentiveness of memory in the dog are remarkable, and have been noticed in all ages; indeed, Homer uses this well-known characteristic in describing the return of Ulysses:—

"The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew:
Him when he saw, he rose and crawled to meet—
'Twas all he could—and fawned, and kissed his feet."

And in later times another poet writes of the dog as—

"The poor dog! in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own;
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."

Most writers (nearly every one) who have treated of the higher animals, in giving instances of their sagacity, have been content to ascribe it to instinct; but not one, not the cleverest of them all, has ever been able to decide where instinct ends and reason begins. The dog sees, hears, remembers; nay, more, he dreams—when the body is at rest the mind is active—he remembers the past, and applies his experience to protect or guide himself afterwards. A dog that has been snake-bitten and recovered, recognises the fetid smell of the poisonous reptile, and gives it a wide berth. The experienced bear-dog, who has been engaged in a hundred bear-fights, is cautious how he closes with Bruin: he remembers how those claws can cut, and the fearful hug of his arms. He tempers valour with discretion: he recollects that once, when an inexperienced puppy, he came out of a combat half skinned.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, a most acute metaphysician, and a man of the strictest veracity, used to tell the following story:—"I knew a dog once that, in pursuit of his master, came to a place where three roads branched off. The dog ran down one road and carefully scented the earth, then ran down the second road and carefully scented that; without further hesitation he rapidly took the third road, and accomplished his purpose. The argument in the dog's mind was as follows: 'My master, I perceive, when he came to these forks, did not take either of the two roads I examined, therefore he must have taken the third.' Thus he afforded an example of absolute induction, the highest effort of the reasoning powers."

With dogs, even more than men, talents are hereditary; and nothing more shows their long domestication than does the ear. The finer, more hanging, and tremulous this organ is, the more does the animal differ from its original type. The wolf, the jackal, and the least intellectual of domestic dogs, the greyhound, have ears erect—or, in the latter case, nearly erect; for on their acute sense of hearing much depends in securing their prey; whilst those kinds which have been longest domesticated and dependent on man, such as the spaniel, the pointer, and the setter, have long pendent ears.

Dogs once were extensively used on the Belgian frontiers for smuggling. Packed with light loads of silk or other valuable articles, they were started for their destination in the night, and are said to have performed immense distances whilst thus engaged.

They have also been employed as the motive power to

drive light machinery. A gentleman once set two to grind, and for this purpose they were put upon a small kind of tread-mill. After a while the motion of the mill was noticed from time to time to be considerably retarded. When the tender would go to the mill to see if the dogs were doing their duty, they always appeared to be at work. One interruption after another occurred, and this so often that the owner began to suspect that his dogs were playing some trick with him. Accordingly he placed an observer where all the movements of the animals could be seen, and the mystery was soon discovered. After the two dogs had wrought together for some time, one of them was seen to step off the tread-mill and seat himself where he could catch the first warning of any approaching footstep. After resting awhile, he took his place at the wheel again, and allowed his "mate" to rest, and thus alternately they relieved each other.

When hunting in Texas I was often, except my horse and dogs, alone in the forest for months; and the latter, from constant companionship—hunting during the day, and stretched around the camp-fire by night—became wonderfully intelligent, and seemed to understand all I said to them. They would crawl upon their bellies behind me on the prairie when I have been trying to get close to deer, obey my slightest motions, and even seem to understand my whisper of caution.

With all their courage, dogs are very timid when anything occurs which is unusual to them, and even the fiercest will turn tail when it meets with something it cannot comprehend. On one occasion, in Louisiana, a very ferocious mastiff flew at a negro child. The child stepped back, and fell into a hole which had been made by the fall of a tree, whose weight had wrenched up its roots. The sudden disappearance of the little negro amazed the mastiff, who at once turned round and retreated to its kennel.

Nothing shows more than his silence, upon all ordinary occasions, that a dog has been properly brought up. Whenever a yelping cur is found that always is barking, it may be concluded at once that its education has been seriously neglected; and I can quite understand the feelings of the Western traveller who, being a passenger on board a steamboat, had been kept awake all night by the constant barking of a small dog. In the morning he sought out the owner of the dog, and asked to be allowed to purchase it, or even a half or quarter share in the animal. "Why, sir! what on earth would you do with half my dog?" asked the astonished owner. "Well, stranger, I rather think that, if I owned any share in that dog," said the Western man, with great solemnity, "I should destroy my interest in it immediately."

A curious story is related by Charles Fenno Hoffman, of New York. A favourite hound, belonging to an old hunter, came to his master one morning when he was engaged in chopping wood in the forest, and by various intelligible signs persuaded his owner to follow him to a thicket some little distance off in the woods. The hunter, on following his dog, found there a small and very feeble fawn entangled in some vines and brambles so that it was impossible for it to extricate itself. The unfortunate fawn was carried to the house, and fed upon milk; but the hound, who was ever ready to hunt and pull down the wild deer in the forest, seemed to understand that he had saved this little animal's life: he made it share his bed at night, and through the day was ever on the look-out to defend or aid it, till the rest of the pack of hounds learned to know it, and to understand that they were not to molest their companion's pet.

Varieties.

PARSEE BARONETS.—The great merchant Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy spent a quarter of a million sterling in founding educational and charitable institutions, and on other public objects in Bombay. His munificence was acknowledged by the grant of an English baronetcy, in which he has been succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Cursetjee Jejeebhoy. There is no other instance of a similar honour being conferred on a native of India, though the Order of the Bath and the new Star of India have been granted to some of the princes and nobles. The Parsee baronet owed his title to industry and liberality, not to birth, diplomacy, or military prowess, and he marked the distinction by choosing those words for his motto when her Majesty, in accordance with European requirements, granted the new knight his "coat of arms." The value of these distinctions in the native estimation may be judged of from a description of these armorial bearings given from a Parsee pen in the Rev. Canon Trevor's "Natives of India." "Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy's 'coat of arms' consists of a handsome shield, in the form of the shield used by the Knights of St. John at the defence of Malta, beautifully blazoned by scrolls of gold. At the lower part of the shield is a landscape scene in India, intended to represent a part of the island of Bombay, with the islands of Salsette and Elephanta in the distance. The sun is seen rising from behind Salsette to denote industry, and is diffusing its light and heat, displaying liberality. The upper part of the shield has a white ground to denote integrity and purity, on which are placed two bees representing industry and perseverance. The shield is surmounted by a crest consisting of a beautiful peacock, denoting wealth, grandeur, and magnificence; and in its mouth is placed an ear of paddy, denoting beneficence. Below the shield is a white pennant folded, on which is inscribed the words 'Industry and Liberality,' which is Sir Jamsetjee's motto." This inflated description shows that humility is not highest among the Parsee virtues. Happily their character for honesty stands higher; though the mercantile standard is not exactly that of the Gospel, and the Parsees are too keen in trade to escape all reproach.

JAPANESE FANS.—The construction of the fans is worthy of notice. It is exceedingly simple and ingenious. About nine or ten inches of the plain stalk of a bamboo is split down to the joint into sixty or seventy segments. Owing to the grain of the cane being perfectly straight, each of these filaments is of uniform thickness. They are then disposed so as to radiate from the joint, and are kept in their position by a strong packthread, which, interlacing them about two inches above the centre from which they spring, is fastened to the ends of a diminutive bow of bamboo. This, passed through a hole in the knot in precisely the same manner as the bow of a cross-bow, is fixed into the stock, and is of sufficient strength to keep the packthread tight, and consequently to retain the ribs of the fan in a straight line. The plain bamboo below the joint forms the handle, which is six or seven inches long. The skeleton being thus constructed, the fan is finished by pasting paper over the back and front, cutting it to the proper form, and binding it with a hem, also of paper. Probably no other construction would so completely combine strength, lightness, and elasticity.

INDIAN BURIAL.—As an appropriate illustration of the remains found in Celtic tombs, of which there is an account in our June Part, we give the following extract from a missionary newspaper:—"A daughter of Spotted Tail, one of the chiefs among the Sioux, died recently at their rendezvous on Powder River, some 260 miles from Fort Laramie, Dakota Territory. She was an interesting girl, eighteen years of age. She always had been friendly towards the whites, and, being often at the garrison with her band, she became warmly attached to them. After the difficulties between her people and the Government commenced, and she had been obliged to isolate herself with her people from her former friends, she began to decline in health, and gradually pined away until she died of a broken heart. She declared she could never enjoy life if she was to be deprived of the opportunity of seeing her white friends—many of whom had known her from infancy—and remained a prey to melancholy until she died. As her people, numbering several thousands, were soon to start on a journey to the Fort, to hold a council with Colonel Maynadier, commanding this sub-district, in reference to a treaty of peace, she requested that her body might be taken to the garrison and be deposited in its final resting-place near the Fort. This was done accordingly. Colonel Maynadier, with his staff, rode out

to meet the chief, who is a noble specimen of an Indian warrior, and the funeral took place at sunset. 'Colonel Maynard,' says the chaplain, 'informed the chief that I would perform the burial service in accordance with the Christian usage, if he desired it. After a few moments he assented. According to their custom, four posts about twelve feet long were inserted in the ground, on the top of which a scaffold was laid, on which the coffin was to be placed. Four Indian women laid her in, covering her with a buffalo robe, and depositing her wearing apparel with all the treasure she possessed. The Colonel deposited a beautiful pair of gauntlets to keep her hands warm during her journey. I then proceeded with the burial service, which was interpreted faithfully; and the expressive 'Ugh!' uttered by the dusky warriors expressed their approval of the sentiments. The coffin closed, and a beautiful red blanket covering it, it was raised to the scaffold. The heads and tails of her two white ponies, which had been killed immediately after her death, were nailed to the posts, and the idolized daughter was prepared, according to their faith, to ride through those fair hunting-grounds to which she had gone appraised as she had been on earth. It was an affecting sight. The committing in good faith that sacred trust to the keeping of their late foes, amid tears and wallings, shows an anxiety that peace might be restored and preserved.'

THE "BELL INN," WARWICK LANE.—The "Athenaeum," in reviewing a recent work on signboards, says:—"Walter Mapes and Archbishop Leighton, very different men, expressed in very different ways their desire to die in a tavern or inn. Mapes, indeed, expressed his intention, Leighton his hope, thus to make an end, and there to shuffle off this mortal coil. 'Mihiet propositum in tabernâ mori'—'I design to end my days in a tavern drinking!' said the Archdeacon of Oxford. Leighton hoped to die in an inn in another fashion. He thought it a suitable place for a world-wanderer about taking his last journey. He strangely fancied that 'the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance.' This is Burnet's testimony. Leighton had his wish. Of the bits of old London remaining to us, few are more interesting than the inn in which Leighton died. The house—the 'Bell Inn,' Warwick Lane—still exists, a genuine fragment of a picturesque period; and they who would look on it and into it would do well, when old London is disappearing so swiftly and so silently, not to defer the present opportunity."



Of this interesting place we give a drawing, as it appeared some years ago. Any visitor who may expect now to find what the "Athenaeum" describes as a picturesque bit of old London, will be sadly disappointed. Except a few massive beams of wood embedded in modern brickwork, hardly a vestige of the old inn can be seen. The inn yard, like many others in the city, is a railway goods dépôt. Part of the site seems to be occupied by slaughter-houses or dead-meat stores.

PRAYER.—If you would be rich in all grace, be much in prayer. Conversing with God assimilates the soul to him, beautifies it with the beams of his holiness, as Moses' face shone when he returned from the mount. It is prayer that brings all our supplies from heaven, draws more grace out of God's hand, and subdues sin and the powers of darkness; it entertains and augments our friendship with God, raiseth the soul from earth and purifies it wonderfully. Their experience, that have any of this kind, teacheth them that as they abate prayer all their graces do sensibly weaken; therefore, when the apostle hath suited a Christian with his whole armour, he adds to this all, "Pray without ceasing;" for this arms both man and his armour with the strength and protection of God.—Archbishop Leighton.

THE SABBATH.—This is the loveliest, brightest day in all the week to a spiritual mind. These rests refresh the soul in God that finds nothing but turmoil in the creature. Should not this day be welcome to the soul, that sets it free to mind its own business, which has other days to attend to the business of its servant the body? And these are a certain pledge to it of that expected freedom when it shall enter on an eternal sabbath, and rest in Him for ever who is the only rest of the soul.—Archbishop Leighton.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The climate of the Sandwich Islands is not only most delightful, but very healthy; there are, of course, some pretty warm localities (Loehaina, for instance), in which it would not, perhaps, be advisable for a person who had long resided in a northern climate to settle on his first arrival; but in these volcanic islands the mountains afford such a variety of temperature that the most fastidious may suit themselves to a shade. At an altitude of 2000 or 3000 feet on the windward side of the islands the usual range of the thermometer is between 45 and 70 degrees. Such is the temperature of Makanao, a place that I have lately visited; it is a rolling country, and well wooded. There are many foreigners residing thereabouts, and there is, moreover, a foreign church, a privilege not enjoyed here at present. My chief objection to recommending these islands to those who may be contemplating emigration would be the want of suitable society: the best we have is to be found in the families of the missionaries. I have, however, no cause to complain of the natives; they have been uniformly kind and hospitable, and are ever willing to put themselves out for a stranger; still, amongst men so recently reclaimed from the savage state, it would be unreasonable to expect that enjoyment of social intercourse to which one has been accustomed. My knowledge of the language is at present too limited to enable me to form an estimate of the intellectual capacity of the natives. I have met with some very clever fellows amongst them; and, considering how short a time has elapsed since they were a barbarous race, their advancement is truly astonishing. I have been told that it would be difficult to find a single individual on the islands, between the ages of eight and thirty, who could not read and write; and thus far I have found the statement correct.—H. Giles. Letter in "The Friend."

CARRARA MARBLE.—The marble quarries of Carrara have a world-wide celebrity, and have long been the only source of supply, not only for the finest statuary marble, but for the ordinary white marble used in architecture and decoration. The works are capable, it is believed, of a very great extension, and the high price paid for even the secondary marbles of Italy proves that the production falls short of the demand. These quarries have been wrought for more than two thousand years. There is no known spot on the globe where marble of so fine a quality is now found. Carrara, therefore, possesses a natural monopoly of a commodity for which the demand must increase with the progress of civilization. The British Colonies and the United States of America are large importers of Italian marble. The quarries have hitherto been accessible only to bullock-carts, by roads scarcely deserving the name. The quantity annually extracted at present from the different quarries of Carrara amounts to about fifty thousand tons, which is now conveyed for a considerable part of the distance to the place of embarkation by railway, whilst sawing-mills have been introduced by means of English enterprise and machinery.